AN

ELEGY

ON THE

Moſt Reverend Father in God,

HIS GRACE,

JOHN,

LATE

Lord Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY.

By N. TATE, Servant to His Majeſty.

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HUGO

JOHN

TO THE
READER.

'TWAS Reverence for ſo Extraordinary a Subject, not Want of Inclination, that ſo long withheld me from making This Attempt: And I could willingly have ſuppreſt it, in the Conſternation *that has ſince befall'n us. But 'tis now Publiſh'd in Submiſſion to ſome Perſons, whoſe Reſpect for the Great* Deceas'd, *inclin'd them to think too favourably of the Performance. However, if the Picture I have drawn of ſo great a Man be diſlik'd, it may oblige ſome more Skilful Hand to do Right to His Memory, for whoſe Character the World has ſo juſt a Veneration.*

N. T.

Licenſed,

JANUARY 1. 1694.

AN ELEGY

On His GRACE JOHN,

Late Lord Archbiſhop of *CANTERBURY.*

COmplaints, like Ours, in *Ramah's* Vale were heard,
When *Samuel's* Awful Reliques were inferr'd.
Like Him, by Heav'n approv'd, and Earth admir'd,
Our Age's greateſt Prophet is Expir'd!

Juſt Honours to his Sepulchre we'll pay,
But ſome kind Seraph muſt inſtruct the way.
A Garland for his Marble we'll compoſe
Of *Syrian* Lillies, and the *Sharon* Roſe:
Arabia's Spice in one rich Pile ſhould flame,
And *Gilead's* Balm, leſs precious than his Name.

But when the Treaſures of the *Eaſt* are ſpent
In pious Off'rings at his Monument,
All Rites perform'd that to his Urn belong,
To whom ſhall Fame entruſt the Fun'ral Song?

The Graces Speechleſs to his Shrine repair,
Ev'n Art and Wit ſtand ſilent Mourners There;
Yet bolder *Zeal* will Bands of Duty break,
And *Gratitude* be priviledg'd to ſpeak.
True Paſſion too can Inſpiration bring,
'Twas Grief firſt taught the Nightingal to ſing
From His, as from *Elijah's* powerful Tomb,
Ev'n my dead Muſe ſhall vital Warmth reſume.

Heark! from on high I hear a Seraph ſay,
Hence ye unhallow'd, for my Charge make way:

The Crowd retire—— a Matron ſtreight appears,
Stars on her Head, her Face bedew'd with Tears,
How charming are her Looks——
Tho doubly now oppreſt with Grief and Years!
Divine * *Euſebia*, tho in Sables dreſt,
Is ſtill by her Angelick Mien confeſt.
Charm'd with her Voice the liſtning Winds repair,
While Thus her balmy Sighs perfume the Air.

* The Church of *England*.

Pity

Pity me, Heaven, for your All-ſearching Eye
Can only to my Grief's deep Centre pry.
Behold me, once of Mothers the moſt bleſt,
Of Mourning Mothers now the moſt diſtreſt!
Compell'd my Temple's Glory to reſign,
My SUN extinguiſh'd, who with Rays divine
Blaz'd out, and taught my Younger Stars to Shine.
My Pow'rful *Pan*, my Ruling Paſtor's dead,
Whoſe Pious Care my Flocks and Shepherds fed.
When mighty Realms enſlav'd to Error lay,
And Empires ſtoop'd to Myſtick *Babel*'s ſway,
Then could I boaſt, ſuch was my Patriarch's Care,
To ſhew th' Apoſtate World an Apoſtolick Chair.
To Envy I appeal (for we may truſt
Envy her ſelf with ſuch Religious Duſt),
If ever Guide with more Reluctance took,
Or menag'd with ſuch Skill my Ruling Crook.
A Crook, that once committed to *His* Hand,
Wrought Miracles, and *bloom'd* like *Aaron*'s Wand.
Endu'd with Power to work my Flocks Increaſe,
And charm Contending Shepherds into Peace:
Not wily *Jacob*'s Myſtick Arts of old,
Prevail'd with ſuch Succeſs on *Laban*'s Fold,
As his unblemiſh'd open Life, to gain
The Separating Straglers of the Plain.
Matrons Abroad, for Reformation fam'd,
From Superſtitious Vanities reclaim'd,

My Temple's Ancient Honour ſaw Renew'd,
And bleſs'd my Stars, and for my Friendſhip ſu'd.
On Me theſe Bleſſings my kind Saint conferr'd;
Tranſporting Bleſſings! —but with him interr'd.
With faint Delight ſhall I my Vintage preſs,
Liſtleſs the Harveſt of his Toils poſſeſs,
Bereav'd of Him who did my Comforts bleſs.
As *Iſrael*'s Guide from *Piſgah*'s Mount withdrew,
The Deſart paſs'd, and promis'd Land in view;
To ſuch rebated Joys my Tribes are led,
Canaan in Proſpect, but their Leader dead!
How ſhort-liv'd was the Tranſport I poſſeſt,
For which with Tears I had ſo oft addreſt!
For This did Saints and Angels long intreat,
And *Cæſar* court him to my Paſt'ral Seat?
Approach my Sons, with Me approach his Shrine;
In One Condoling Dirge your Voices join;
Your *Albion*-Rocks with theſe ſad Accents rend,
We have a Father *Loſt*, *Mankind a* Friend.

Thus mourn'd the Matron, and with Sighs oppreſt,
His Sacred Urn embracing, Wept the Reſt.

With no leſs Paſſion *Britain*'s State Complain'd;
No leſs the Loſs that *Britain*'s State ſuſtain'd.

When threatning Danger did the Realm ſurprize,
Not *Homer*'s *Neſtor* could, like Him, Adviſe.

His Words, as if Inſpir'd, Impreſſion made,
Ulyſſe's Skill, without his Craft, diſplay'd:
His Counſels ne'er were varniſh'd o'er with Art:
With Policy He ſtill did Truth impart;
Spoke Oracles, ----- but always ſpoke his Heart.

No paſſive *Gorgon* did his Reaſon charm,
To hang dead Weights on our Reſtorer's Arm:
His Meaſures He from ſacred Sanctions drew,
To Heav'n and to his Countries Int'reſt, true.
Hence, by reſpect to Him, her Friends were known;
And ſhe diſcover'd in His Foes her own.

When firſt in *Learning*'s Orb His Luſtre blaz'd,
The World look'd up, tranſported and amaz'd;
Nor leſs ſurpriz'd, bewail his Beams withdrawn,
Penſive and hopeleſs of another Dawn.
So, pleas'd and wondring, our great Parent view'd
The firſt day's Sun, and with charm'd Eyes purſu'd;
And when from Sight the ſetting Lamp withdrew,
So He out-wept the Night's diſtilling Dew;
In ſable Shades, Grief's Vigil kept untir'd,
With Looks ſtill *Weſtward* fix'd, where Day expir'd.

The *Labyrinths* of knowledge He deſcry'd,
With REASON like a *Sibyl* for his Guide,
And with Her Oracles divinely bleſt,
As happily her Dictates he expreſt.

His pow'rfull *Style* an artfull Nature grac't;
Expreſſive words and all with Judgment plac't;
Hence they, like choſen well-rank'd Troops prevail'd,
And through the Hearer's Ear his Soul aſſail'd.
His Eloquence was neither courſe nor vain,
From Arrogance and Stiffneſs did refrain,
Courtly Familiar, and Majeſtick Plain.
Extenſive Senſe He into compaſs drew,
Said what was Juſt, and always ſomething *New*;
That did ſurprizingly our Souls delight,
As ſov'raign Beauty conquers at firſt Sight.

He, thus compleatly Arm'd for Truth's Defence,
His pious Warfare early did commence.

Gigantick *Atheiſm* firſt His Vigour try'd,
A daring Foe that Heaven it ſelf defy'd:
Ev'n Hell at firſt this Monſter's Brood diſclaim'd,
Nor one fall'n Angel knew for *Atheiſm* damn'd,
But Earth, more impious than the Realms of Night,
Sent Hell a Race of Fiends that did her Furies fright.
Ah ſtupid Crew! who Reaſon wou'd employ
Eternal Reaſon's Eſſence to deſtroy!
The Fable's now to impious practice grown,
Theſe Sons of Earth wou'd Heav'ns true *Jove* dethrone.

Rome's Dragon next our Champion did engage,
The ſame that dar'd of old th' Arch-Angel's Rage,

And

And flush'd once more with Arbitrary Pow'r,
Waited *Eusebia*'s Off-spring to devour:
But, when his Torrent-Pride did highest swell,
Confronted by this second *Michael*, fell.
And when at last he saw (as 'twas but just,
The Champion with his rescu'd Charge to Trust)
Eusebia's Altars made His Guardian-care,
With Jaws expanded, through the blasted Air,
Belch'd Curses, the last Refuge of Despair.

These Monsters quell'd, no *Sphinx* or *Hydra* rose,
But whom He did with like Success oppose.

Then, as first Heroes *doubly* gain Applause,
By Conquests, and prescribing righteous Laws;
Thus did our Pious Guide just Precepts give,
Both how to Think aright, and how to Live.
The Cheats of Syren Vice expos'd to view,
And Vertue in her native Beauty drew:
Of her bright Paths a Prospect did display,
Where smiling Peace and harmless Pleasures lay;
Did straying Souls to her Enclosure bring,
With charming Accents, such as Halcyons sing,
Or Evening Zephyrs when they woo the Spring.
Heav'n He describ'd as 'twere His native Home,
And He an Envoy from those Regions come.

But Vertue's Image and the Graces, beſt
In his bright Mind and Practice were expreſt.

Divinely Humble in Preferment's Height;
Nor then diſdain'd on needy Worth to wait:
High Station only did his Beams extend,
But none in his Advancement loſt a Friend.

By Judgment's Compaſs ev'ry Courſe he Steer'd,
And watch'd the Signals e'er the Storm appear'd:
His Prudence o'er the Syrges did prevail,
With Ballaſt ſtill proportion'd to his Sail.
Precipitately ne'er aſſum'd a Truſt,
To Promiſe Slow, but in Performance, Juſt.

Of Temper calm, and Sanatively cool,
As *Jordan*'s Current, or *Bethesda*'s Pool:
By Grace Inſtructed, and by Nature mild,
Nor reliſht Life but when he *Reconcil'd*:
His Carriage, Words and Works, breath'd Goſpel All;
His very Look was *Evangelicall.*
His Life and Aſpect did juſt Patterns give
What Figures Angels make, and how they Live.

Th' Appearance of his Perſon brought a Charm
That cou'd at Sight contentious Rage diſarm.
So Boiſtrous Winds that furiouſly contend,
And Sea and Air in wild Diſorder blend,

At *Neptune*'s Preſence, o'er the Waves Diſplay'd,
Sculk to their Caverns, and the Storm is Layd.

To Souls oppreſt with Sickneſs or with Grief,
His Viſits, like an Angels, brought Relief:
When wrong'd, repeated Pardons did extend;
To Suffer Reſolute, tim'rous to Offend.

His wond'rous Charity no Limits knew,
But, like Heav'ns Manna, in the gathering, Grew.
His Bounty ne'er by Limbeck-drops diſtill'd,
But in large Show'rs the thirſty Valleys fill'd.
In Giving, ſome expreſs ſuch grutching Grief,
That Want it ſelf repines at the Relief;
But he ſo Cheerfully did ſtill impart,
That with his Alms he ſeem'd to give his *Heart*.

But Day, my Muſe, will from our Sphere retreat,
E'er we his Vertues Garland can compleat;
Nor all thy fairer Siſters that frequent
Pirene's Banks, on that one Labour bent,
Tho' Fancy's Treaſure ſhou'd be drein'd, can raiſe
The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praiſe.

Sons of Mortality, Learn'd, Pious, Wiſe;
Who boaſt no leſs than Kindred with the Skies;
See where Entomb'd your great Example lies!

Well! ſince his Spirit its native Skies regains,
We'll celebrate at leaſt its dear Remains;
From Fate it ſelf we'll force the ſad Relief,
The mournfull Comfort to indulge our Grief.
Permit ye Stars, who now his Preſence boaſt,
Earth's wretched Sons, to tell what they have loſt!
But he who juſtly will perform this Part,
Muſt Truth conſult, no ſtudy'd Rules of Art;
Invoke no *Helicon* but *Jordan*'s Spring,
And for his *Epicede* an *Anthem* bring.

Much leſs can our unconſecrated Verſe,
His deathleſs *Apotheoſis* rehearſe.

'Tis in a Sublunary Muſe's Pow'r,
To furniſh Trophies for a Conquerour;
Home to his Palace from the vanquiſh'd Plain,
Expanded Fancy may the Pomp maintain;
But oh! when *Vertue*'s Triumph we would paint,
The Progreſs ſing of ſome departing *Saint*,
When ſome *Elijah* muſt to Heav'n be caught,
From Heav'n the flaming Chariot muſt be brought:
In ſuch a Flight our *Pegaſus* will Fire,
To mount that Wain aloft there muſt conſpire
The Whirl-Winds rapid Wings, and Steeds of Fire.

The *Tiſhbite*'s fiercer Spirit, when raviſht hence,
(Whoſe Miniſtery in Terrors did commence)
With ſuch *tempeſtuous* Rapture might diſpence;
But Tranſport, like our Prophet's Soul, *Serene*,
Grac'd his pacifick Life's concluding Scene;
From Earth tranſlated, *gently*, to the Skies,
As Angels that on Flames of Incenſe riſe.

From high, where gratefull Throngs about him preſs
Of Souls by him directed up to Bliſs;
His Spir't looks down, and ſees the Paſt'ral Chair
Supply'd, and made his mild Succeſſor's Care:
(For Heav'n *their* Minds Reſemblance form'd Compleat,
Like the *Twin-Cherubs* of the *Mercy-Seat.*)
Our Altars made ſo kind a Guardian's Charge,
Does, ev'n in Paradiſe, his Joys enlarge;
Pleas'd that *Euſebia* does once more rejoyce,
Once more applaud her *pious Monarch*'s Choice.

F I N I S.